

A N
E P I S T L E
T O

Mr. *Benjamin Bridgwater,*

Occasion'd by the

D E A T H

Of the late

Queen Mary.

By Mr. T U T C H I N.

L O N D O N:

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A N

EPISTLE, &c.

OF T have I vow'd, and to the *Muses* swore,
 In these dull Times, I'd trouble Rhyme no more:
 But since, dear *Ben!* I've waited long in vain,
 To see the Happy Offspring of your Brain
 Bless our dull World in unaccustom'd Layes,
 Singing your own, and great *Maria's* Praise;
 In spite of Nature and my Vows I'll Write,
 And once again the glowing Embers light.

Not that the *Muses* can have Honours done,
 By their Unskilful and their Youngest Son;
 Or that *Maria's* Praise by him set forth,
 Can form a Statue equal to Her Worth:
 Provoke't by this, if you the Theam embrace,
 I have my Aim, and dead *Maria* Praise:

Then fit no longer, groaning like the Stream,
 Sad as the Times, and gloomy as our Theam.
 Your Quiver broke, your fatal Bow unstrung,
 And your lov'd Harp upon the Willows hung,
 With one, in Artful Notes Her Praise disclose;
 And with the other, kill *Maria's* Foes;
 Those worst of Monsters, wou'd asperse Her Name,
 Tread on Her Ashes, and destroy Her Fame,
 Justly deserve, when they good Gifts refuse,
 Should feel the Fury of an incens'd *Muse*:
 Pour then your charming Thunder on their Head,
 With pointed Satyr strike the Monsters dead.

These base Ingrates, no Act of Grace can bind,
 Perverse in Judgment, and disturb'd in Mind;
 Impatient to recover what they've lost,
 Tho' at their Country's Ruine and their Cost;
 Do Tyrant Laws before our Rights prefer,
 And would call home their perjur'd Wanderer.
 Strange, that this foolish unperforming Herd
 Of Trait'rous Villains, for ill Deeds prefer'd,
 Should talk of Bondage, of hard Fate complain,
 Beneath the Blessings of a gentle Reign;
 Think ill of Ease; in being Free, oppress'd:
 A true-bred *Tory* will be still a Beast.

Censure me not, I common paths refuse,
 For indignation will transform a *Muse*;
 I know our Loss commands another Stile,
 And not to Mourn's the same as to Revile;
 Cou'd Tears have Brib'd th' impartial hand of Death,
 Detain'd our Joy, prolong'd *Maria's* Breath,
 I'de wish'd for Her and my dear Country's good,
 Each Eye a fountain, and each Tear a flood:
 But since She's gone, let us our dues prepare
 For Him, was once the Partner of Her care,
 Now left forlorn, His other Self being gone,
 Like *Hercules* must bear the World alone.

Methinks I hear the Genius of our Isle
 Prompt him to Foreign Wars and Glorious Toil,
 Soft as the Murmurs of the Winds express
 Her solid Councils in such words as these:
 Weep, weep no more! *Maria's* softer Charms!
 When War and Honour call you to your Arms;
 Let dastard *Lewis* for a loss retreat,
 All sense of Sorrow is beneath the Great,
 Your num'rous Army marshall'd on the Strand
 In expectation cry, will *Cæsar* Land?
 A long, long Winter, we his absence mourn,
 But sure, ye Gods! He must, He must return!

B

Their

Their glitt'ring Swords and trembling Spears they wield,
 And Fate stands wishing 'till you take the Field:
 Tho' Trophies may reward your Souldiers pains,
 Your single presence half a Conquest gains;
 Then to your Armies and your Honours go,
 And be our just *Palladium* from the Foe,
 Defeat their Squadrons, from destruction save
 Those Crowns, those Kingdoms, which your People gave;
 As at *Senefse* such always be your fate,
 Let *French* as *Irish* on your Triumphs wait,
 From Conquer'd Fields the Golden Prize you bore,
 Without the Charms a curst *Medea* wore,
 Still for your Brows shall fresher Lawrels grow,
 While *Thames* shall flourish, and the *Boyne* shall flow:
 Your early Valour in your tender Years
 Matur'd by Age more Beautiful appears;
 And Heroes Fame at Death much brighter shines,
 Thus Shadows lengthen as the Sun declines.
 You to the Gods have ever been most dear,
 Destin'd for Business, and design'd for War,
 By *Belgia* lov'd, and *Albion* much ador'd,
 One sings her King, the other sings her Lord;
 Thus Rival Kingdoms for your Aid contend,
 And every Senate wishes you its Friend,
 What e're the Cowards say, you always have
 The Prayers, the Vows, the Wishes of the Brave;

True to our Laws Tyrannick sway you damn,
In War a Lyon, and in Peace a Lamb:
Such were our Ancient *Brittains* fam'd of old,
Prudently Good, and desperately Bold.

Thus far the Heroe ; for his Fame will grow,
As to the Seas the Rivers onwards flow ;
But great *MARIA* we can Sing no more,
Blest with a Gale, sh'as reach'd the other Shoar,
Happy those Mortals who are fail'd before ;
So much for Virtue and for Sense renown'd,
By willing Peoples just Applauses Crown'd,
What Artless Bard wou'd tread her Sacred Ground ?

To you, Dear *Ben*, the glorious Theam I leave,
You can her Fame Eternal Honours give ;
Thus some good Patriot conscious of his Worth,
Provokes some bold, some abler Champion forth ;
Who with his Sword so often dipt in Blood,
Slaughters vast Numbers for his Country's Good.

F I N I S.